

The L'Anse Sentinel.

GEO. C. JACKMAN, Editor and Publisher.
L'ANSE, : : : MICHIGAN.

"TO THE JEDGMENT DAY."

When things went wrong, grandfather—
"Well, the world rolls on to the Judgment Day."
An' what should we sigh fer—an' why
should we care?
The reck'nin's comin' sometime—some-
where!
Dear with the winter, an' dream o' the
May:
The world rolls on to the Judgment Day!"
When things went wrong, an' we knelt in
dust
To thank the Lord for the poorest trust,
An' the old-time friends that we thought
we knewed
Had left us friendless along life's road,
It was always nothin' but this to say:
"The world rolls on to the Judgment Day!"
So we stifled the sigh, an' tried for the
song:
Knowin' God made the right, an' would
reckon the wrong;
An' trouble seemed lighter, an' even the
night
Had stars never dreamed of to make it
bright.
We can bear, we can suffer along the
world's way,
Fer "The world rolls on to the Judgment
Day!"
—F. L. Stanton, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

AT NO. 54.

"COME up to No. 54, Ellis street,"
James had written to me, "or
wire us by what train to expect you,
and we will meet you."
James and Clara were settled at
last, and I was expected to look
them up. So in due time I got out of
the train, and looked round vainly for
James. How like the indifference of
a brother that was! Trust a brother
for failing to meet you. For a minute
or two I thought of going to an hotel,
and giving him the slip altogether.
It would serve him right.
I flung my bag into an open cab,
and flung myself after it.
"No. 54 Ellis street," I said sulkily
to the driver. And in a moment the
cab was jolting over the wretched
cobblestones.
The rain was falling hard when
the wheels finally grated against the
curbstone, and the driver opened the
door for me, and announced:
"Here you are, sir—No. 54!"
I saw the figures painted on the
door, so I paid the driver, let him
go, and rang the bell.
After a while I rang the bell again,
and yet again, with no result. Then
it occurred to me how strange it was
that there was no light in the house,
when they must have been expecting
me, too.
Another turn at the bell. This
time there was some response. A
woman, evidently a servant, came
along the garden at the side of the
adjoining house, and said:
"There ain't nobody at home.
They've gone to the op'ry. And it's
the servant's night out."
Then she went back.
The rain was pouring. Judging
by the distance I had come, I must
be miles from an hotel. I must
make a run for some shelter part
of the house, and try to get into a
drier place.
My run brought me to a little ver-
anda at the side of the house, and
there was another door.
I was seized with an inspiration. I
took my home latchkey out of my
pocket, and tried it in the lock. It
fitted!
I opened the door and walked in,
and sat my bag down with a sigh of
relief.
"Aha! James, my boy, you might
have known your brother better than
to try to lock him out!" I said glee-
fully to myself. And then I struck
a match which the wind blew out.
After I had spent several minutes
striking more matches, I finally lit a
lamp, and at the same moment
bet fire to the shade. I extinguished
the fire by putting the shade on the
floor and stamping on it repeatedly.
Then I left it where it had fallen. It
would teach Clara a lesson, for a
great frilled affair on a lamp is al-
ways exceedingly dangerous.
The high-pitched barking of a dog
began to annoy me, and I went in
search of it, lighting another lamp or
two on the way. I passed through
the hall, and into a bedroom on the
other side, and there was the dog,
a wretched little pug.
I have always been a man of ex-
pedients. I chased the pug into a cup-
board, and, after a brief, violent gy-
mnastic exercise, succeeded in turning
a waste-basket over the little beast,
and then weighted the basket down
with a large lump of coal.
I shut the barking and howling lit-
tle brute in the cupboard.
There was a neat little dressing-
room adjoining. I peeped into it, and
found several suits of James' clothes
hanging along the wall. For the
first time I remembered that my own
clothes were damp, and I hastened
to do just what James would have
insisted on if he had been there—
I put on some dry clothes.
After that I wandered into the din-
ing room, and was charmed to ob-
serve that the materials for a post-
opera supper had been thoughtfully
set on the table, and that there were
places for three. Aha! So they were
expecting me, then. But as I was
ravenous I decided to eat my share
now, and not wait. Happy thought!
I ate a very generous meal.
Then I went back to the bedroom,
lighted one of James' cigars, stretched
myself out in an easy-chair, with my

feet to the grate, where a warm fire
yet glowed, and smoked and dreamed.
I was not aroused until an agitated
hand was trying to insert a key into
the lock of the front door. I smiled
at the surprise I was going to give
James and Clara. Just then the hall
door opened.
"Thunder!" remarked a voice. "I
thought we turned all the lights out!"
I dropped back into the chair. The
voice did not belong to James! I had
never heard it before!
A wild panorama of things flashed
before me. I dashed through a door
in front of me, locked it, and found
myself in another bedroom, and there
I was in a cul-de-sac. The only door
of exit led into the hall. I paused,
and listened in agony.
"Oh, my poor darling little Fido!"
screamed the feminine voice, as the
dog was discovered. "What an awful
cruel monster he must have been!"
"Well, at least, Lillian, he didn't
hurt the dog," said another feminine
voice, with a ripple of laughter in
it. "I think he deserves a good deal
of sympathy for that, don't you, Will?"
I heard references to the police, and
the jingling of an excited telephone
bell, followed by calls for three or
four men to be sent up from the sta-
tion.
In that single moment I spent a
whole long night locked up with the
"drunks and disorderlies," and pic-
tured James coming down in the
morning and calling me a fool, while
he was making arrangements for my
release.
Never! I would die first! And I
clutched at the collar of Will's suit,
and beat my brow with my fist, and
groaned.
I heard the procession come along
the hall, and I knew what awaited
them in the dining-room. I opened
the door the merest crack, and peeped
out. The hall was clear. Now was
my time.
With my best run I sped along the
hall, and to the room into which I had
first broken.
It was done. I was inside, and the
door was shut behind me. And then
I fell up against the door and gasped.
I had missed the direction! There
was only one other way in which I
could make a confounded fool of my-
self that night, and now I had done
that. This was not the drawing-room
at all, but a snowy bedroom, with a
young lady standing in the middle of
it, looking affrighted at me!
She continued to look at me for
some time. After a while she said:
"Is there anything more you would
like to have? If you can think of
anything, please don't hesitate to ask
for it; but be quick, for the police
will be here soon."
"I do beg you to believe that this
is all an unfortunate mistake," I said.
"Will you believe me, on my honor
as a gentleman, when I tell you that
I will explain it all some day, and
that, if you will help me to escape
from this painful predicament, you
will be glad when you know the
truth?"
We heard Will and his wife in loud
discussion of the coolness of the
burglar, while Will's wife cried hyster-
ically:
"Where is Belle? I do wish she
would stay with us! We are all going
to be murdered before the police get
here!"
The young lady pushed past me, and
opened the door a little.
"Don't worry about me Lillian,"
she called brightly. "I don't care to
see the police, so I shall shut myself
in."
Then she closed and locked the
door, and turned to me again.
"I have almost told a lie for you,"
she whispered coldly. "Worse than
that, I am going to help you out of
my window. Once outside, you will
have to take your chance."
I bowed my thanks, and was moving
towards the window, when I remem-
bered the bag and all it contained to
identify me with the wearer of Will's
suit. I told her about it and she
smiled, and slipped out of the room
by another door. Presently she came
with the bag, and there was a gleam
in her eyes as I profusely thanked her
once more.
"We are under many obligations to
you for not having set fire to the
house," she said demurely.
We heard the heavy feet of the offi-
cers at the door, and their ring at
the bell, and then the young lady
softly raised the window.
I sprang lightly to the ground. Her
hand was lying on the window-sill,
and I leaned over and kissed it.
The window closed with emphasis.
I walked, bag in hand, to the pave-
ment, and then I started up the
street. At the further end of it I
plunged into the arms of a man who
was coming out of a cottage.
"Hang it! What are you racing
about the streets like that for?" he
roared. Then he flung himself at me,
and almost shook my arm off, shout-
ing, with a grin of delight: "Dave,
you young rascal, where have you
been?"
"I dropped my bag, and sat down
upon it."
"James," I said sternly, "where do
you live?"
"Why, here, at No. 34!" he said
cheerily. "Where have you been all
this time? We went to the station
to meet you, but were too late, and
so we came back home, and have been
waiting for you ever since, and awfully
uneasy."
I had been feeling in my pocket
for his letter, and now I spread it out
before him, under the light of the
hall lamp.
"James," I said severely, "what
number is that?"
"Why, that is No. 34," he said, with
conviction. "Can't you read writing?"
"Do you call that 34?" I demanded,
with spirit.

"Great Scott! Dave," he replied,
there it is as plain as a pikestaff—3
and 4. Can anything be plainer than
that?"
"And who lives at 54?" I asked in
despair.
"Oh, that William Thompson; par-
ticular friend of mine; splendid fel-
low, too, and has a nice family. And,
by the way, I was telling them about
you this morning. They're read your
stories, and are anxious to meet you.
But why?"
"James," I said bitterly, "I wish
you'd go to school and learn to write
plainly."
The next time I entered the Thomp-
son house I went in by the front door,
and James and Clara were with me.
I had returned Mr. Thompson's suit
in an anonymous package, and had a
vague hope that this was the end of
it, and perhaps the young lady would
not recognize me, as the light had
been dim in the room. I had betrayed
no secrets to James; far from it.
The lovely face of Miss Belle
Thompson gave no sign of recogni-
tion. This was better than I expected.
A warm glow went over me as I
thought of it. Perhaps they would
never know, after all.
But when I asked Miss Belle to sing,
and followed her to the piano, my
eyes fell upon a curious object hung
up in a little nook. It was a half-
burned lamp-shade!
She was looking at me, and her eyes
were brimming with laughter.
"That is a relic," she said. "We
keep it to remind us of a terrible man
who invaded our house."
She was turning over the music,
and I was between her and the group
at the other end of the room.
"And you told the terrible man,"
I retorted, "to ask for anything in
the house he might want, if he hadn't
already taken it. Well, there is some-
thing in the house the terrible man
wants, and some of these days he is
coming back to ask for it."
"And what can it be? How I
hope it is Fido!" replied Miss Belle
Thompson.
Will and James have behaved well,
all things considered; though when
either of them breaks into Homeric
laughter when there is nothing to
laugh at I know what he is thinking
of. As for Miss Thompson, she knew
as well as she knows now that it was
not Fido I was going to ask for.—
London Answers.

WANTED THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS

Tender But Tantalizing Farewell of
a Cornell Undergraduate to
the Faculty.

Cornell university has its fair quota
of harum-scarum youths, who, after
pyrotechnic careers, suddenly disap-
pear from the university's ken. A
wasteful genius was recently hailed
before the faculty to answer charges
of such violent fractures of discipline
that even in his most optimistic mo-
ments he had not hoped to explain
or disprove them satisfactorily, says
the New York Tribune. However, he
faced the music and even stood with
a considerable degree of composure
while proof after proof of misconduct
was presented. Finally when the evi-
dence was all in and the hush fell
on the assembly that precedes sen-
tence, the prodigal raised his down-
cast eyes, and, in a voice full of emo-
tion, said:
"I have only one last request to
make."
"And what is that?" asked the pre-
siding officer.
"That you will give me your pro-
tographs to remember you by."
With this parting shot he dodged
out of the door, which he had taken
pains to stand near. The professors
lay back in their chairs and laughed
long and loud. Then they took the
vote that severed the official connec-
tion between themselves and their
tender young friend.

Miles Scroggins' First Effort.

Miles Scroggins was more than 50
years old, noted for his droll wit and
funny sayings, but had never attempt-
ed to make a speech. All the mem-
bers of the club believed he could
speak if he would try, and frequently
attempted to have him make the ef-
fort.
It was finally determined to compel
him to speak. So, upon the assembling
of the club, he was called upon and,
declining to comply, the boys grabbed
him and forcibly placed him upon a
table, amidst the cheers of the crowd.
To the astonishment of all he man-
ifested great embarrassment. The
crowd continued to yell, and finally
he broke forth as follows:
"Ladies and Gentlemen: Oh, I beg
your pardon, there are no ladies pres-
ent, and d—d few gentlemen, if
any."
After this sally the curiosity of the
crowd was satisfied, and no further
effort was made to have Scroggins
make a speech.—Buffalo Courier.

Specimens of Professors' Wit.

Dr. Varnadoe, a noted professor of
Greek, is very fond of flowers, and,
some days ago, on returning from his
college duties, he found in his front
yard a pestiferous calf belonging to a
neighbor. The doctor gave chase, and
the animal plunged toward the flower
pit, and in another instant crashed
through the glass cover and mixed
at random with the pots and plants be-
low. When another professor passed
a few minutes later, he said, gravely:
"I do not understand, Dr. Varnadoe,
why you should object so seriously to
having a modest cowslip added to
your fine collection of plants." The
doctor's frowning face relaxed. "Ah,
Sanborn," he retorted, "you see, this
was only a worthless bulrush."—Argonaut.

A HAVEN OF REFUGE.

Heaven Affords Comfort and Protection to the Trusting.

Dr. Talmage Draws a Sermon from
the Familiar Illustration from
the Barnyard—Simple Teach-
ings of Christ.

(Copyright, 1905, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)
Washington, March 2.

A familiar illustration from the
barnyard is employed in this discourse
by Dr. Talmage to show the comfort
and protection that Heaven affords to
all trusting souls. The text is Mat-
thew 23:37: "Even as a hen gathereth
her chickens under her wings and ye
would not."

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ
came to the crest of Mount Olivet,
a height of 700 feet. The splendors of
the religious capital of the whole earth
irradiated the landscape. There is the
temple. Yonder is the king's palace.
Spread out before his eyes are the
pomps, the wealth, the wickedness,
and the coming destruction of Jerusalem,
and he bursts into tears at the
thought of the obduracy of a place
that he would gladly have saved and
apostrophizes, saying: "O Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, how often would I have
gathered thy children together, even
as a hen gathereth her chickens under
her wings, and ye would not!"

Why did Christ select hens and chick-
ens as a simile? Next to the apposite-
ness of the comparison, I think it was
to help all public teachers in the mat-
ter of illustration to get down off
their stilts and use comparisons that
all can understand. The plainest bird
on earth is the barnyard fowl. Its
only adornments are the red comb in
its head and the wattles under the
throat. It has no grandeur of
genealogy. All we know is that its an-
cestors came from India, some of
them from a height of 4,000 feet on
both sides of the Himalayas. It has no
pretension of nest like the eagle's
eyrie. It has no luster of plumage
like the goldfinch. Possessing anat-
omy that allows flight yet about the
last thing it wants to do is to fly, and
in retreat uses foot almost as much
as wing. Musicians have written out
in musical scale the song of lark and
robin and nightingale, and yet the
hen of my text hath nothing that
could be taken for a song, but only
the cluck and cackle. Yet Christ
in the text uttered while looking upon
doomed Jerusalem declares that what
he wished for that city was like what
the hen does for her chickens.

Christ was thus simple in His teach-
ings, and yet how hard it is for us who
are Sunday school instructors and
editors and preachers and reformers
and those who would gain the ears of
audiences to attain that Heavenly and
Divine art of simplicity! We have to
run a course of literary disorders as
children a course of physical disorders.
We come out of school and college
loaded down with Greek mythologies
and out of the theological seminary
weighed down with what the learned
fathers said, and we fly with wings of
eagles and flamingoes and albatrosses,
and it takes a good while before we
can come down to Christ's similitudes,
the candle under the bushel, the salt
that has lost its savor, the net thrown
into the sea, the spittle on the eyes of
the blind man and the hen and chick-
ens.

There is not much poetry about this
winged creature of God mentioned in
my text, but she is more practical
and more motherly and more sugges-
tive of good things than many that fly
higher and wear brighter colors. She
is not a prima donna of the skies nor
a strut of beauty in the aisle of the
forest. She does not cut a circle under
the sun like the Rocky mountain
eagle, but stays at home to look after
family affairs. She does not swoop
like the condor of the cordilleras to
transport a rabbit from the valley to
the top of the crags, but just scratches
for a living.

I am in warm sympathy with the
unpretentious and old fashioned hen
because, like most of us, she has to
scratch for a living. She knows at the
start what most people of good sense
are slow to learn—that the gaining of
a livelihood implies work and that
success does not lie on the surface, but
is to be attained by positive and con-
tinuous effort. The reason that society
and the church and the world are
so full of failures, so full of loafers,
so full of deadbeats is because the peo-
ple are not wise enough to take the
lesson which any hen would teach
them that if they would find for them-
selves and for those dependent upon
them anything worth having they must
scratch for it.

One day in the country we saw
sudden consternation in the behavior
of old Dominick. Why the hen
should be so disturbed we could not
understand. We looked about to see
if a neighbor's dog were invading
the farm. We looked up to see if
a stormcloud were hovering. We
could see nothing on the ground that
could terrify, and we could see
nothing in the air to ruffle the feath-
ers of the hen, but the loud, wild,
afrighted cluck which brought all her
brood at full run under her feathers
made us look again around and above
us, when we saw that high up and far
away there was a rapacious bird
wheeling round and round and down
and down, and, not seeing us as we
stood in the shadow, it came nearer
and lower until we saw its beak was
curved from base to tip and it had
two flames of fire for eyes and it was
a hawk. But all the chickens
were under old Dominick's wings, and
either the bird of prey caught a
glimpse of us or, not able to find
the brood huddled under her wing,
darted back into the clouds. So
Christ calls with great earnestness
to all the young. Why, what is the
matter? It is bright sunlight, and

there can be no danger. Health is
theirs. A good home is theirs.
Plenty of food is theirs. Prospect of
long life is theirs. But Christ con-
tinues to call, calls with more em-
phasis and urges haste and says not
a second ought to be lost. Oh, do
tell us what is the matter. Ah, now
I see; there are hawks of temptation
in the air, there are vultures wheel-
ing for their prey, there are beaks of
death ready to plunge, there are
claws of allurement ready to clutch.
Now I see the peril. Now I under-
stand the urgency. Now I see the
only safety. Would that Christ
might this day take our sons and
daughters into his shelter "as a hen
gathereth her chickens under her
wing."

The fact is that the most of them
will never mind the shelter unless
while they are chickens. It is a sim-
ple matter of inexorable statistics
that most of those who do not come
to Christ in youth never come at all.
What chance is there for the young
without divine protection? There
are the grogshops, there are the
gambling dens, there are the infidel-
ties and immoralities of spiritualism,
there are the bad books, there are
the impurities, there are the busi-
ness rascalities, and so numerous are
these assailants that it is a wonder
that honesty and virtue are not lost
arts. The birds of prey, diurnal and
nocturnal, of the natural world are
ever on the alert. They are the as-
sassin of the sky; they have varie-
ties of taste. The eagle prefers the
flesh of the living animal; the vulture
prefers the carcass; the falcon kills
with one stroke, while other styles
of beak give prolongation of torture.

But we all need the protecting
wing. If you had known when you
entered upon manhood or woman-
hood what was ahead of you, would
you have dared to undertake life?
How much you have been through!
With most life has been a disappoint-
ment. They tell me so. They have
not attained that which they expect-
ed to attain. They have not had the
physical and mental vigor they ex-
pected or they have met with rebuffs
which they did not anticipate. You
are not at 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 or
80 years of age where you thought
you would be. I do not know any-
one except myself to whom life has
been a happy surprise. I never ex-
pected anything, and so when any-
thing came in the shape of human
favor or comfortable position or wid-
ening field of work it was to me a sur-
prise. I was told in the theological
seminary by some of my fellow-stu-
dents that I never would get any-
body to hear me preach unless I
changed my style, so that when I
found that some people did come to
hear me it was a happy surprise.
But most people, according to their
own statement, have found life a dis-
appointment. Indeed, we all need
shelter from its tempests.

The wings of my text suggest
warmth, and that is what most folks
want. The fact is that this is a cold
world whether you take it literally or
figuratively. We have a big fireplace
called the sun, and it has a very hot
fire, and the stokers keep the coals well
stirred up, but much of the year we
cannot get near enough to this fire-
place to get warmed. The world's ex-
tremities are cold all the time. For-
get not that it is colder at the south
pole than at the north pole and that
the arctic is not so destructive as the
antarctic. Once in awhile the arctic
will let explorers come back, but the
antarctic hardly ever. When at the
south pole a ship sails in, the door of ice
is almost sure to be shut against its
return. So life to many millions of
people at the south and many millions
of people at the north is a prolonged
shiver. But when I say that this is a
cold world I chiefly mean figuratively.
If you want to know what is the mean-
ing of the ordinary term of receiving
the "cold shoulder," get out of money
and try to borrow. The conversation
may have been almost tropical for lux-
uriance of thought and speech, but sug-
gest your necessities and see the ther-
mometer drop to 50 degrees below zero,
and in that which till a moment before
had been a warm room. Take what is
an unpopular position on some public
question and see your friends fly as
chaff before a windmill. As far as my-
self is concerned, I have no word of
complaint, but I look off day by day
and see communities freezing out men
and women of whom the world is not
worthy. Now it takes after one and
now after another. It becomes popular
to depreciate and defame and execrate
and lie about some people. This is the
best world I ever got into, but it is the
meanest world that some people ever
got into. The worst thing that ever
happened to them was their cradle,
and the best thing that will ever hap-
pen to them will be their grave.

What people want is warmth. Many
years ago a man was floating down on
the ice of the Merrimack, and great ef-
forts were made to rescue him. Twice
he got hold of a plank thrown to him
and twice he slipped away from it, be-
cause that end of the plank was cov-
ered with ice, and he cried out: "For
God's sake, give me the wooden end
of the plank this time!" and, this
done, he was hauled to shore. The
trouble is that in our efforts to save
the soul there is too much coldness
and icy formality, and so the imper-
illed one slips off and floats down. Give
it the other end of the plank; warmth
of sympathy, warmth of kindly asso-
ciation, warmth of genial surround-
ings. The world declines to give it
and in many cases has no power to
give it, and here is where Christ comes
in, and as on a cold day, the rain beat-
ing and the atmosphere full of sleet,
the hen clucks her chickens under her
wings and the warmth of her own
breast puts warmth into the wet
feathers and the chilled feet of the in-
fant group of the barnyard, so Christ
says to those sick and frosted and dis-
tasted and frozen of the world:

"Come in out of the March winds of
the world's criticism, come in out of
the sleet of the world's assault, come
in out of a world that does not under-
stand you and does not want to under-
stand you. I will comfort and I will
soothe, and I will be your warmth as
a hen gathereth her chickens under
her wing." Oh, the warm heart of
God is ready for all those to whom the
world has given the cold shoulder.

But notice that some one must take
the storm for the chickens. Ah, the
hen takes the storm. I have watched
her under the pelting rain. I have seen
her in the pinching frosts. Almost
frozen to death or almost strangled in
the waters, and what a fight she
makes for the young under wing if a
dog or a hawk or a man come too near!
And so the brooding Christ takes the
storm for us. What flood of anguish
and tears that did not dash upon His
holy soul. What beak of torture did not
pierce His vitals? What barking Cer-
berus of hell was not let out upon Him
from the kennels? Yes, the hen takes
the storm for the chickens, and Christ
takes the storm for us. Once the tem-
pest rose so suddenly the hen could
not get with her young back from
the new ground to the barn, and there
she is under the fence half dead. And
now the rain turns to snow, and it is
an awful night, and in the morning
the whiteness about the gills and the
beak down in the mud show that the
mother is dead, and the young ones
come out and cannot understand why
the mother does not scratch for them
something to eat, and they walk over
her wings and call with their tiny
voices, but there is no answering
cluck. She took the storm for others
and perished. Poor thing! Self-sacri-
ficing even unto death! And does it
not make you think of Him who en-
dured all for us? So the wings under
which we come for spiritual safety are
blood spattered wings, are night-shad-
owed wings, are tempest-torn wings.

In the Isle of Wight I saw the grave of
Princess Elizabeth, who died while a
prisoner at Carisbrook castle, her fin-
ger on an open Bible and pointing to
the words: "Come unto Me all ye
that labor and are heavy laden, and I
will give you rest." Oh, come under
the wings.

My text has its strongest applica-
tion for people who were born in
the country, wherever you may now
live, and that is the majority of you.
You cannot hear my text without
having all the rustic scenes of the
old farmhouse come back to you.
Good old days they were. You knew
nothing much of the world, for you
had not seen the world. By law of
association you cannot recall the
brooding hen and her chickens with-
out seeing also the barn and the
haymow and the wagon shed and the
house and the room where you sat
and played and the fireside with the
big backlog before which you sat
and the neighbors and the burial and
the wedding and the deep snowbanks
and hear the village bell that called
you to worship and seeing the horses
which, after pulling you to church,
stood around the old clapboarded
meeting house and those who sat at
either end of the church pew and,
indeed, all the scenes of your first
14 years, and you think of what you
were then and of what you are now,
and all these thoughts are aroused
by the sight of the old hencoop.

Some of you had better go back and
start again. In thought return to
that place and hear the cluck and
see the outspread feathers and come
under the wing and make the Lord
your portion and shelter and warmth,
preparing for everything that may
come and so avoid being classed
among those described by the clos-
ing words of my text, "as a hen gath-
ereth her chickens under her wings,
and ye would not." Ah, that throws
the responsibility upon us. "Ye
would not." Alas for the "would
nots!" If the wandering broods of
the farm heed not their mother's call
and risk the hawk and dare the
freshest and expose themselves to
the frost and storm, surely their
calamities are not the mother's
fault. "Ye would not!" God would,
but how many would not?

When a good man asked a young
woman who had abandoned her home
and who was deploring her wretch-
edness why she did not return, the
reply was: "I dare not go home.
My father is so provoked he would
not receive me home." "Then," said
the Christian man, "I will test this."
And so he wrote to the father, and
the reply came back, and in a letter
marked outside "Immediate" and in-
side saying: "Let her come at once;
all is forgiven." So God's invitation
for you is marked "Immediate" on
the outside, and inside is written:
"He will abundantly pardon." Oh,
ye wanderers from God and happi-
ness and home and Heaven, come un-
der the sheltering wing. A vessel in
the Bristol channel was nearing the
rocks called the Steep Holmes. Under
the tempest the vessel was un-
manageable, and the only hope was
that the tide would change before she
struck the rocks and went down, and
so the captain stood on the deck, watch in
hand. Captain and crew and passen-
gers were pallid with terror. Taking
another look at his watch and an-
other look at the sea, he shouted:
"Thank God, we are saved! The tide
has turned! One minute more and
we would have struck the rocks!"
Some of you have been a long while
drifting in the tempest of sin and
sorrow and have been making for
the breakers. Thank God, the tide
has turned. Do you not feel the lift
of the billow? The grace of God
that bringeth salvation has appeared
to your soul, and, in the words of
Boaz to Ruth, I commend you to "the
Lord God of Israel, under whose
wings thou hast come to rest."

This is Very True.
Indolence is a sluggish stream, yet
it eventually undermines the last vir-
tue a man has.